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Reading Room
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THE PACIFIC

73rd Year NOVEMBER, 1923. No. 11

THE OLD BOOK WORM

God gave his arm a natural crook
To snuggle and contain a book.
His eyes a little dim, yet quick,
A battered hat, a pipe, a stick,
I've often watched him hurry home,
His shoulders hunched above some tome,
To leave the warring world behind
Within the pages of his find.
He loved to read his books in bed,
And there one day they found him dead.
A jolly way for him to go.
I'm sure he must have wished it so;
His soul cut loose and swinging free
Across some fine romantic sea
To friends and scenes he loved and knew.
For one, I hope his dream came true.
And yet our street is not the same—
I think perhaps that he's to blame.

LETTER FROM JAPAN

The following letter has been received from Rev. Kanosuke Nukaga, who was formerly pastor of the Japanese church in Oakland, but who now is located in Japan:

"At 11:57 a. m. a terrible earthquake came and countless numbers of houses and buildings were destroyed. In many places of Tokyo broke many fires and swept away many houses and buildings. Our Bancho Congregational Church at that moment already crashed. Two of our boys and kindergarten teachers and two janitors were inside of the church at that moment, but all were miraculously saved. After thirty minutes our parsonage caught fire and was soon destroyed. The vast Kopimachi district was changed by the conflagration from a prosperous district to a great waste. The fearing and tired people passed the night in the open.

The earthquake shook continuously and frightened, and the fire continued three days and three nights, burning, until all Kanda, Shitaya, Askusa, Hongo, Fukagawa, Kyobashi and Nihonbashi districts were laid waste and changed into a vast ruin. Most of main parts of the city were destroyed completely, and only the vicinity around Tokyo was safe from the fire.

"The information shows that 350,000 houses were burned and over 200,000 people died. In Kokohama and many other places it was terrible.

"Our people are appreciating the helping hand of the United States of America, and they are saved from hunger and cold."

BIBLES BURNED IN ROME

The antagonism of the vatican authorities to the Protestant movement in Italy is growing apace. The Methodist Times of London has the following story of the recent burning of Bibles in Rome:

"Event's of the greatest religious importance have lately been taking place in Rome. At the beginning of June the Bible was publicly burnt in the square in front of the church of Santa Maria della Navicella. It was part of a sacred function in which the clergy took part. The facade of the church was illuminated and a big bonfire was lit.

To quote the words of the Osservatore Romano, the official newspaper of the vatican, "There were thrown into the flames many licentious books, immoral periodicals, and Protestant Bibles, which had been taken from the hands of the young. They were consumed in the fire in the honor of the Madonna. Whilst the fire was burning the pernicious books a certain Signor Cingolani, one of the most zealous of the clerical party in the Italian chamber mounted the porch of the church and addressed the crowd in an impassioned oration, in the course of which he exhorted the people, while the fire destroyed the corrupting books, to light in their hearts the fire of faith for the good of their souls, the church, and the fatherland."—Christian Century.

The Methodist Book Concern issues a useful Handbook by Henry H. Meyer on the Uniform Sunday school lessons for the year 1924, at 35c net.

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NIGHT MAGIC

A Lie-A-wake Song

The apples falling from the tree
Make such a heavy bump at night
I always am surprised to see
They are so little when its light.

And all the dark just sings and sings
So loud I cannot see at all
How frogs and crickets and such things
That make the noise can be so small.

Then my own room looks larger, too—
Corners so dark and far away—
I wonder if things really do
Grow up at night and shrink by day?

For I dream sometimes just as clear,
I'm bigger than the biggest men—
Then mother says, "Wake up, my dear!"
And I'm a little boy again.

A CAMPAIGN BY THE LAYFOLK

"Unquestionably organized religion," says one of our wise leaders, "is having a hard time."

It is true; there is no blinking the fact. Lay it to the war, if you will; or the automobile; or to the sins of the church-folk. The location of blame is not always advantageous.

As a matter of fact, and that is what is important, the services of worship, of fellowship in prayer and praise and instruction are very discouragingly neglected by a multitude of the confessed disciples of Jesus. Church membership does not mean very much to the major portion of the church members.

Few are the churches that can show on any Sunday morning one-half of its able constituency in the church pews. Confessedly organized religion is in a depressing slump. Real prayerful devotion to Jesus and the Church has dropped much below par.

And what shall we do in the matter? Not bewail it surely! There is nothing constructive in a moan.

Rather let those few or many, who still retain warmly the love of the church in their hearts maintain their loyalty of attendance in the face of every temptation to do otherwise. And let them also join in a propaganda, earnest, kindly, but insistent, for a greater, a more general fidelty to the two institutions which throughout the centuries have been the bulwark of our faith,—the Church and the Lord's Day.

Not that we need seek a return to a puritanical Sabbath: not that! But to a careful and loving use of Sunday as a day that belongs to Jesus.

If these two things can be accomplished;—that every loyal Christan himself use the Lord's Day for divine worship in the sanctuary, and that these loyal souls join in an earnest propaganda among the indifferent ones to recall them to their first love, then surely there will come a change in the spiritual atmosphere which will seem to be a genuine revival of the Spirit.

But the campaign must be by the people,—not by the minister; it must be by the layfolk. And it must not be a campaign by mechanical devices, by programs and programs. It must be a campaign of the Spirit.

NATIONAL COUNCIL NOTES

The attendance at Springfield upon the Council was gratifying and beyond expectation. Over 2000 are on the roll of the Council in some form. The auditorium was often filled to overflowing and extra meetings at a near-by location were necessary.

The Moderator's address was received with great enthusiasm. Especially when W. E. Barton said that the attempt to unite with the Episcopalians had proven "completely fatuous," the audience went off its feet in applause and delight. It was almost as enthusiastic in its reception of the further statement that the Congregational church would never tie itself down to any creedal statement.

The movement to unite with the Presbyterians had better prospect especially because in the overture there was left liberty of belief to both denominations.

Albert W. Palmer was made chairman of the Business Committee.

Much to the surprise of everybody and especially the gentleman himself was the overwhelming election of Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter of Hartford to the Moderatorship. This was the year when naturally a layman would have been elected. The unwritten law was laid on the shelf, where such laws ought generally to be put.

One out to meet trouble will have a short walk.

THE LAND WHERE JESUS LIVED

An artist who handles his brush and his pen equally well is not so common a human being as to pass unregarded among men. But when he combines these three qualities of artistry—an artistry of color and of literary style, along with an artistry of ideas—why then you have a rare man indeed.

One quickly discovers all this in a very few pages of Harold Speakman's "Hilltops in Gallilee"; and what begins so charmingly goes on, if possible, to better the further the reader follows him. Those who had his "Beyond Shanghi" knew perforce somewhat of the beauty that awaited them in this newer book.

It is not merely another art book; it is an interpretation of the land where Jesus lived. That land was also the land of Jehu, and of Mary Magdalen, of David and the Good Samaritan. Scarcely a rood of that land is without interest; it is all holy ground.

But it is not the land only; he walks the trail with men; he dwells in the homes of the people; he wins the intimate fellowship of the pilgrims; even love-stricken Koren talks familiarly with him; and there is your story, a lovely story and a revealing book. (Hilltops in Gallilee, by Harold Speakman; with eight paintings in color by the author; pages 259; price $3.00 net. The Abingdon Press, New York.)

RUSHING IT

Rev. L. M. Isaacs, recently from Colorado, must have brought along with him some -mountain ozone. He has but a few days ago taken charge of the new church at Broadmoor, Oakland. This institution has been worshipping in a tent; but a storm came along and irreligiously took it down.

Summoning the workers of the community together, he, with about 25 men, put up a church building between dawn and dark on Saturday, October 20, and the next morning Mr. Iaaacs conducted the first services in the new church. The women of the neighborhood furnished refreshments for the workers. Carpenters, professional men, merchants and office workers were all at it.

The lumber, we understand, cost $1200. After the roofing was all on, the pastor was surprised to receive a receipt in full both for material and labor. A fine bit of co-operative spirit this; and with that at the beginning of the history of the institution, it will not take much of a prophet to tell what sort of a church it will eventually grow to be.

The Sunday school has been increasing apace since the coming of Mr. Isaccs, until on the Sunday morning of the first service in the new structure it has reached an attendance of 110.

THE OLD FRONTIER

The West of the Mississippi has had a history of its own; something unique. And no other state of the Union has so interesting a story of origin, of early relations, as California. Nowhere will one find such fascinating reading as these tales of the frontier.

After having read the story of the Donner Party caught in the snows of the Sierras; and Sabin's volume, "Kit Carson's Days"; it was a delight to turn to "Fifty Years on the Old Frontier" by James H. Cook.

"Captain Jim" came out into western Texas soon after the Civil War; he was a lad of fifteen or sixteen years with genuine pioneer blood flowing in his veins, a lad well brought-up, with high ideals and good moral training. His first experience was that of a cow-hand. In simple direct language, with a somewhat vivid style he tells the story of those older days. The reader sees the whole process of corralling wild cattle; sees some of the perils from the Indians and hardships of the trade; sees also the quality of the men who dwelt on the border, not all bad, neither all good.

"Captain Jim" afterwards acted as civilian scout for the army in the Apache war when that master Indian Chief, Geronimo, spread such terror throughout all New Meixco.

Here is a story not only the children will enjoy reading; but he will be a queer man who does not thrill over every page of these "wild-west" adventures. The best part of the story is that it is true. (Fifty Years on the Old Frontier, by James H. Cook; Yale University Press; pages 291; $4.00).

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE

For the fourth time the Conference of the Northern California churches has met at Asilomar by the Sea, for its annual meeting. The experiment has proven a success, though the distances are great. The San Francisco Bay churches had to travel about 125 miles to get there; and some delegates came another 125 miles for attendance. The Conference, instead of meeting three days, with three meetings daily, was in session from noon, October 3rd, to noon, October 9th, a full six-day period including a Sunday. Mornings and evenings were devoted to the business of the churches; and to inspiring addresses and study classes; and afternoons to recreation and fellowship; and the results were such that the delegates voted unanimously to do it again the fifth time next fall.

The attendance has been increasing from year to year since the new scheme was adopted, and an increasingly large number of laymen has been in evidence. This year over 200 delegates sat down together in the large dining hall on Saturday and Sunday. The total attendance ran something more

than 250.

The program was well balanced; no great shining light obscured the lesser stars. While there was no single "wonder-address"; there were many excellent ones. The four leading ones, without any previous agreement, gathered about and emphasized the same central theme—"The Real Business of the Church." These four were the Moderator's Address, by M. G. Papazian, pastor of the Armenian church at Fresno; the Conference Sermon by Willard Brown Thorp of Palo Alto; the Sunday morning sermon by Harvey Virgil Miller of Alameda church; and a stated address by Hugh Vernon White of the Stockton church, upon "The Chief Business of the Church."

Mr. Thorp stirred considerable discussion out upon the grounds by insisting that like Paul the minister in these days should "use great plainness of speech," for the sermon took for his text II Cor. iii; verses 12, 13 11 (in this order). Mr. Thorp does not believe in or practice "pussy-footing." Mr. White in a nutshell said that the function of the church was "to make men conscious of God and to make him to live out that consciousness." He urged that the church be not deflected from its true course by the currents of the world. Its answer to the problems and perplexities of the world must not be in kind; "what it receives from the outside, it must return filled with the consciousness of God."

Mr. Miller, at the Sunday service, said that the church must widen its horizon—not of the world problems, as one suspected he was going to remark—but of the Christ. And Moderator Papazian said that the Church was grounded in a Person; not in ideals, however exalted or uplifting; not in a creed; not even in any truth however fundamental; but "in a Person of history."

Albert W. Palmer of Honolulu, present for a few hours, gave a very illuminating address appreciative of the work of the Congregational missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands. "The civilization of the Islands is the inheritance of the Christian Church." In twenty years of service there the missionaries codified the language of the natives, and translated the Bible into the native tongue; and in those twenty years they changed an absolute monarchy into a constitutional monarchy.

The study classes were well attended; and marvellously productive of benefit. This is a feature of the Conference that is being especially and fortunately emphasized. Under the scheme of the Conference there is time and inclination for just such work.

The Board of Trustees of the Conference had planned an Agenda of business, much to the satisfaction of everybody. One knew just what was up for consideration; and it worked well. The business, however, was crowded into one session practically, from 9 a. m. to nearly 1 p. m., and that was too much for the nerves of all. Another Conference will not probably put such a strain upon its religion.

Resolutions galore were passed; recommending the World Court to the favor of the National Council; commending the Anti-Saloon League; a special word was sent to William C. Pond, D.D., who has been a factor in the life of the Conference from its birth, and who now, approaching the century mark, is hale, hearty, and full of faith. A vote of gratitude to L. D. Rathbone, a former Superintendent, was given for his 15 years of service; sympathy was sent to R. B. Dodge, recovering from a serious accident, and to C. H. Stevens, who has met with a trying nervous break-down.

Superintendent Minchin's report showed that there has been a net increase in the Conference of 644 members; but that 47 per cent of our churches showed the reception of no members during the year. He said that of 135 churches on our list, practically 50 alone carry on the strong work of our Conference. The use of the title "Zero churches" by the National Council office was resented wholesale; for it was felt (at least by some) that zero in some churches might represent more faithful work and greater hardships, than something larger than zero in other churches. "Comparisons are—"

A year ago the Conference voted a life pension of $1500 to L. D. Rathbone, the retiring Superintendent. Mr. Rathbone asked that the figure be reduced to $1000, which was voted afterwards by the Con-

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ference. It was also voted that The Pacific, the organ of the Conference, be continued.

Everybody there was glad to receive back again into our midst the "beloved" Miles B. Fisher; it was good to see his face and to hear his voice. There was cheer in the hearts of all when the Pacific School of Religion reported its present status, with 42 new students and a total enrollment of 74, making it the second Congregational school of that sort in the country, Yale alone exceeding it. It promises to tread on Yale's heels next year.

The Missionary nights were grand; the Foreign night had an array of talent that deeply moved the audience; the Home night was above par. Saturday night as usual was given over to the Player's Club of the Boulevard church of Oakland, which presented in almost professional style three one-act plays. The play "Onesimus" again won laurels.

It was a great Conference; inspiring, full of good fellowship which expressed itself in a Fireside Gathering on Sunday evening, led by Fred W. Morrison of San Jose.

And yet with all these words, the "half has not been told." But these are written that next year not 250 but 350 will be at the great meeting of our churches.

Sometimes I think that she must be
No part of earth, but merely this;—

The fair elusive thing we miss
In Nature that we dream we see
Yet never see; that goldenly
Beckons; that, limbed with rose and pearl,
The Greek made a divinity;—
A nymph, a god, a glimmering girl,
That haunts the garden's mystery.

CONCERNING PROHIBITION.

The Board of Temperance and Public Morals of the Methodist Church is one of the most efficient agencies of the country for good. It has come out very definitely in naming certain high public officials in Washington who are blocking the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment legislation. Although Commissioner Haynes says the men mentioned have not stood in his way, the action of the Board was well advised and courageous. If all the Protestant churches will stand behind that Board something will be doing in the land.

The Anti-Saloon League wonders why! The United States Navy can be used to make tours around the world and do several other social stunts; but it cannot be used to prevent alien ships from invading our Constitution and insulting our flag by lying outside of the 3-mile limit until the day is done, and then under cover of darkness landing on our shores the outlawed stuff. What regulations are there to prevent the use of our idle Navy for our protection from a foreign foe?

THE MINISTER

R. J. Snowden goes to the church at Medical Lake, Washington.

Harold D. Suhn has accepted a call to the Lopez Island church, Washington.

Rev. Harold Govette has resigned from the pastorate of the Olivet church, Oakland, where he has been since 1920.

T. Hector Dodd has presented his resignation to the Mayflower Church at Pacific Grove to take effect by January 1, 1924.

Rev. H. M. Mobbs, who has been supplying the church at Priest River, Idaho, has sailed for Alaska, where he is to take charge of our church at Nome.

Rev. W. A. Groenlund is to have charge of the Finnish Congregational church in Seattle; and Rev. O. O. Sonde of the Norwegian church in the same city.

Word comes to us that Rev. O. H. Gulick of Honolulu passed over to the other life on September 18. He was for many years a missionary of our denomination.

Rev. Ralph H. Baldwin has resigned from the San Mateo church. He has been pastor since 1919, and during his term of service the church has erected a new building to meet the demands of the Sunday school department.

The Pacific School of Religion gets two students in Rev. and Mrs. Julius P. Jaeger; but the Lincoln Church at Spokane, Washington loses a fine pastor. Upon his resignation Mrs. J. M. Moore was invited to become pastor for the time being.

Clay Palmer has been called to the Pilgrim Church at Lewiston, Idaho, where Chester M. Clark has been working. Mr. Clark is now relieved to devote his entire time to Lewiston Orchards Church.

Rev. William H. G. Temple of Seattle, who has rendered such fine service in our churches, has passed through a serious sickness recently, but he

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is about again and able to supply one of the smaller churches for awhile.

Byrant C. Preston was acting pastor of the First church of Portland, Oregon for a season and did such good work there that The Dalles church gave him a call to their great field of service. The officers of the church at Portland upon hearing of it sent The Dalles folk a letter urging them not to let Mr. Preston say no to their invitation.

Tracy Strong, a son of the manse,—his father is Sydney Strong of the Queen Anne Church, Seattle—has been elected International Boys' Secretary for the Y. M. C. A., with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland. During recent years he has been the popular Boy's Secretary in Seattle.

Miles B. Fisher has just returned to California after six years spent in the "wilds of Boston and vicinage." He is happy to be back. At the Monday Club on October 22 he gave some account of his experiences and judgments growing out of them. After his picture of the crowding and seething mass of humanity he found in New York City, one is very content to dwell out here by the western sea; though how long it shall be before we, too, are crowded and jostled about, no man knows.

Rev. Charles Mundell has been in charge of the Grace church in Oakland for about a year; this is the church that the late Griffith Griffiths so ably served for many years. Mr. Mundell has resigned his pastorate. He has gone to Southern Southern California. His expectation, he says, is not to take up any work in the ministry; it is said that he has unfortunately become somewhat absorbed in spiritism and spiritualistic seances, and that would surely disqualify him for the Congregational pulpits.

Thomas G. Lewis has resigned his pastorate at Angel's Camp. He has labored in that difficult field since 1915. No one but the minister who has done it knows how hard the work is in any small community like that, especially when the pastor is so far removed from fellowship with his companions in the ministry. Discouragements are to be found in most fields; but a chance to meet with and talk over affairs with a fellow minister somehow makes it more possible to go on.

AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION

Some folks think that the King James Version of the Bible (a version, mark you) is sacrosanct. As though those worthy men of 1600 A. D. had somehow got a copyright and patent on translating the Bible, and no man however devout or scholarly could have any right to vary an iota away from their final word. But those folks are few; and, thank God, are getting to be fewer.

Every preacher, seminary-bred, has translated and re-translated passage after passage; and any man who has the ability ought to practice the goodly custom.

Professor Goodspeed of the University of Chicago has made every Bible reader his debtor by putting forth what he calls "An American Translation" of the New Testament. The newspapers of course have given a false impression of the work; but it is not a translation into the language of the street. It is in dignified American English, such language as the refined, the educated man of this country uses. The volume will not replace the other version, it is not intended to; but it will help any devout soul who wishes better to understand his Bible, and to such devout souls we recommend the precious volume. (The University of Chicago Press; pocket edition, India paper; postpaid $2.62.)

Children's Sermons

BY WILLARD BROWN THORP

THE PARABLE OF THE LOST DOG

The scripture parable is of the lost sheep; mine is of the lost dog. If I had a hundred of them, I should not have felt so bad, but like the widow's mite it was all I had.

This is the way it happened. We had driven around Mount Shasta, he and I, by a little used road, spending the night in camp back of the mountain. At ten next morning I pulled up at the hotel at Weed and went in to get a meal, leaving the little fellow playing with another dog. When I came out carrying his breakfast in a paper bag, he was nowhere to be seen. I called and called. I began to go about the town asking children and dogs and women and men. All that hot day I searched. I patrolled all the streets and back alleys of that big sprawling town. I went to the Justice of the Peace and enlisted his aid. I pictured the distress of the forlorn little dog unable to find his master, perhaps picked up by strangers and carried off. I almost shed tears over the breakfast in the paper bag that he would never eat. I resolved to stay the night there if necessary, but it was a forlorn hope.

At five o'clock I was writing a letter home telling what had happened, when word came that some children out on the highway nearly a mile from town had seen a little lost dog. I hurried to the spot. Sure enough, there was the little fellow down by the river running about in the swampy meadow. I shouted his name, and he came running and leaped into my arms all plastered with mud. I ga

him his breakfast, and he ate it and then curled up in the car and went to sleep, while I drove off thanking everybody and fairly shouting for joy.

Gradually it came over me that he was not nearly so excited over it all as I was. Perhaps he had not been so wretched and miserable as I had supposed. Perhaps he did not realize that he was lost. Was it possible that all the suffering had been mine and that it had just been a lark to him? Was he having a good time keeping cool down by the river, doubting not that in due season his master would appear and call him as he always did?

Is it not so with us too? Does not the Christ suffer over us far more than we suffer over ourselves? We think we are only playing and having a good time. He knows that we have strayed away and are lost. He searches with sorrowing heart until He finds us; and when He takes us into His arms, we do not even know how great a danger we have escaped.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES

The Church at Rio Vista was gladdened on Communion Sunday in receiving four new members. Pastor Jones is reported as doing a fine piece of work, which is greatly appreciated by the whole community.

It is reported as an evidence of up-to-datedness that no less than fifteen Congregational churches of Southern California employ paid Directors of Religious Education. The churches of our Southland practice, even if they do not publish, the San Francisco motto; for "They know how."

At Plymouth Church, Oakland, President Aurelia Rheinhardt gave a Sunday evening address to a good congregation on "America and International Relations." The Rally Day exercises at this church saw 133 of the children awarded diplomas of promotion; the total attendance for the school that day was 406.

At the First Church of Oakland, Prof. J. W. Buckham at the Sunday school hour is conducting a study of Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. He gave two such studies on the same Epistle at a meeting of the Conference at Asilomar two years ago; and they proved exceedingly interesting to his class.

A very thoughtful and generous act on the part of the Sunday school of the Alameda church, of which Harvey V. Miller is pastor, was to provide a wheel chair for Mr. Dodge when he shall be able to use it. Superintendent Rice of that Sunday School is proving himself an efficient worker among young people.

The church at San Lorenzo has a thrifty Christian Endeavor Society and on Sunday evening, October 21, about thirty of them went on a friendly and inspirational visit over to the Presbyterian society of Haywards. Pastor Speers received one new member into the church on the same Sunday morning. He had a serious fall a few days ago, but has recovered and is able to render full time service.

An early morning fire of undetermined origin completely destroyed the Congregational church and social hall at Richmond Beach, Wash., September 16th. The blaze was discovered at 7 o'clock, but, without fire-fighting equipment, the residents of the district were unable to save the structure. It was insured for $1,700 and a new building is already under way. Rev. F. E. Cain had begun his work in this pastorate, September 1st, only a few days before the fire.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT ASILOMAR BY THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE

With the life of the Conference is the life of the Rev. William C. Pond, now in his ninety-fourth year. He was one of that little band of Congregationalists and New School Presbyterians which took that action at Nevada City in 1853 which resulted in the founding of the Academy in Oakland, out of which sprang, in 1855, the College of California, which became in 1868 the inceptive part of the University of California.

He was one of the foremost of the founders and upbuilders of the Pacific Theological Seminary, now the Pacific School of Religion.

The work done by him for decades among the Orientals will endure on the Pacific Coast and in the Orient as a perpetual memorial of a life of noble service. Long time to us a blessing and a benediction, we would bless him today.

We are missing the Rev. Rowland B. Dodge from our Conference this year. Recalling the fine service rendered by him in and for our churches. as Associate Superintendent of the Conference and later as Executive Secretary of the Bay Association, and what his family has been in our fellowship since their coming to California, our hearts go out in tenderness and sympathy.

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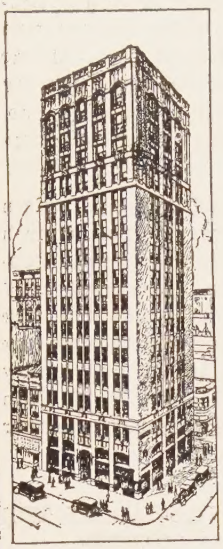

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We rejoice in the progress Mr. Dodge has made toward recovery during the days since the accident sustained by him; and we pray for the day when he may be restored to the work of the Church at Redwood City and to us again as a valued and beloved co-worker.

Our leader, Dr. W. J. Minchin, has been with us a year and has endeared himself to us all. We have found in him a true friend, a wise counselor and an able executive. We congratulate ourselves upon the selection of such a man as superintendent.

We hereby record our sincere thanks for the many days and nights of toil that he has given to our work, and our deep appreciation of the candid manner in which he has brought the problems of this Conference to our attention.

We feel that the decks are cleared for action and that Congregationalism will move forward in Northern California. We pledge anew our loyalty and devotion to our common task and our love and service to our Executive.

Recalling the many years of able and devoted service by the Rev. L. D. Rathbone, as Superintendent of this Conference, we record our appreciation of that service and express our gratication in that he is with us in this meeting this year as pastor at Cloverdale, where he is doing a work which merits the heartiest and fullest support in our power to give.

Resolved, That the various local associations withing this Conference be urged to exercise the greatest care in insisting upon a proper and thorough examination of all applicants for ministerial standing, particularly those coming from other denominations; and be it further

Resolved, That it is the judgment of the Conference that only those be admitted wo give evidence of sympathetic appreciation of Congregational traditions and ideals.

Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Honolulu is on a brief visit to te States. His itinerary includes a visit to the Northern California Conference at Asilomar, a visit if a few days with his sister at Los Angeles, a glimpse of Pomona College where his daughter is a Junior; a sermon at Yale and another at Union Theological Seminary, activities at the National Council and a conference with the architects in Boston who have planned the "Church in the Garden," as the Central Union church of Honolulu loves to style itself.

BOOK LORE

What a delight it is to get hold of a volume—not of essays, nor of sermons, nor of anything else in particular—rambles as it were in thinking, and yet all with a purpose; journeyings in the realm of fancy that are bound to reach a happy goal! This is the fine contribution F. W. Boreham makes to our joy in his "Rubble and Roseleaves." He graciously warns his reader at the outset that it is merely a matter of "a comfortable arm chair and a blazing fire"; and so one has no right to complain if at the end of his browsings he is happy at heart. (The Abingdon Press; pp. 242; price $1.75 net.)

Oliver Stone Dean is a lover of gardens; and also a philosopher of the out-of-doors. He has written a series of essays on life and titled the book "What I saw in my garden." (Pilgrim Press.)

One of the charming features of the University of California Chronicle for October is a group of five mountain poems by Derrick Norman Lehmer entitled "Sierra Glamor."

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